

To slander Musick any more then once.

*Prince.* It is the witnesse still of excellencie,  
To put a strange face on his owne perfection,  
I pray thee sing, and let me woe no more.

*Balth.* Because you talke of wooing, I will sing,  
Since many a wooer doth commence his suit,  
To her he thinkes not worthy, yet he wooes,  
Yet will he sweare he loues.

*Prince.* Nay pray thee come,  
Or if thou wilt hold longer argument,  
Doe it in notes.

*Balth.* Note this before my notes,  
Theres not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

*Prince.* Why these are very crotchets that he speaks,  
Note notes forsooth, and nothing.

*Bene.* Now diuine aire, now is his soule rauisht, is it  
not strange that sheeps guts should hale foules out of  
mens bodies? well, a horne for my money when all's  
done.

*The Song.*

Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more,  
Men were deceiuers euer,  
One foote in Sea, and one on shore,  
To one thing constant neuer,  
Then sigh not so, but let them goe,  
And be you blithe and bonnie,  
Conuerting all your sounds of woe,  
Into hey nonny noney.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,  
Of dumps so dull and heavy,  
The fraud of men were euer so,  
Since summer first was leauy,  
Then sigh not so, &c.

*Prince.* By my troth a good song.

*Balth.* And an ill finger, my Lord.

*Prince.* Ha, no, no faith, thou singst well enough for a  
shift.

*Bene.* And he had been a dog that should haue howld  
thus, they would haue hang'd him, and I pray God his  
bad voyce bode no mischief, I had as life haue heard  
the night-rawen, come what plague could haue come af-  
ter it.

*Prince.* Yea marry, dost thou heare *Balthasar*? I pray  
thee get vs some excellent musick: for to morrow night  
we would haue it at the Lady *Heroes* chamber window.

*Balth.* The best I can, my Lord. *Exit Balthasar.*

*Prince.* Do so, farewell. Come hither *Leonato*, what  
was it you told me of to day, that your Niece *Beatrice*  
was in loue with signior *Benedicke*?

*Cl.* O I, stalker on, stalker on, the foule sits. I did ne-  
uer thinke that Lady would haue loued any man.

*Leon.* No, nor I neither, but most wonderful, that she  
should so dote on Signior *Benedicke*, whom shee hath in  
all outward behauiours seemed euer to abhorre.

*Bene.* Is't possible? sits the winde in that corner?

*Leo.* By my troth my Lord, I cannot tell what to  
thinke of it, but that she loues him with an iraged affec-  
tion, it is past the infinite of thought.

*Prince.* May be she doth but counterfeit.

*Clau.* Faith like enough.

*Leon.* O God! counterfeit? there was neuer counter-  
feit of passion, came so neere the life of passion as she dis-  
courses it.

*Prince.* Why what effects of passion shewes she?

*Clau.* Baite the hooke well, this fish will bite,  
*Leon.* What effects my Lord? shee will sit you, you  
heard my daughter tell you how.

*Clau.* She did indeed.

*Prin.* How, how I pray you? you amaze me, I would  
haue thought her spirit had bene inuincible against all  
assaults of affection.

*Leo.* I would haue sworne it had, my Lord, especially  
against *Benedicke*.

*Bene.* I should thinke this a gull, but that the white-  
bearded fellow speaks it: knauery cannot sure hide  
himselfe in such reuerence.

*Clau.* He hath tane th' infection, hold it vp.

*Prince.* Hath shee made her affection known to *Bene-  
dicke*?

*Leonato.* No, and sweares she neuer will, that's her  
torment.

*Clau.* 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter saies: shall  
I, saies she, that haue so oft encountred him with scorn,  
write to him that I loue him?

*Leo.* This saies shee now when shee is beginning to  
write to him, for shee'll be vp twenty times a night, and  
there will the sit in her smocke, till she haue writ a sheet  
of paper: my daughter tells vs all.

*Clau.* Now you talke of a sheet of paper, I remember  
a pretty iest your daughter told vs of.

*Leon.* O when she had writ it, & was reading it ouer,  
she found *Benedicke* and *Beatrice* betweene the sheete.

*Clau.* That.

*Leon.* O she tore the letter into a thousand halpence,  
raild at her self, that she should be so immodest to write,  
to one that shee knew would flout her: I measure him,  
saies she, by my owne spirit, for I should flout him if hee  
writ to mee, yea though I loue him, I should.

*Clau.* Then downe vpon her knees she falls, weepes,  
sobs, beates her heart, teares her hayre, praies, curses, O  
sweet *Benedicke*, God giue me patience.

*Leon.* She doth indeed, my daughter saies so, and she  
extasie hath so much overborne her, that my daughter is  
sometime afraid she will doe a desperate out-rage to her  
selfe, it is very true.

*Prin.* It were good that *Benedicke* knew of it by some  
other, if she will not discouer it.

*Clau.* To what end? he would but make a sport of it,  
and torment the poore Lady worse.

*Prin.* And he should, it were an almes to hang him,  
shee's an excellent sweet Lady, and (out of all suspicion)  
she is vertuous.

*Clau.* And she is exceeding wise.

*Prin.* In euery thing, but in louing *Benedicke*.

*Leon.* O my Lord, wisdom and bloud combating in  
so tender a body, we haue ten proofes to one, that bloud  
hath the victory, I am sorry for her, as I haue iust cause,  
being her Vncle, and her Guardian.

*Prin.* I would shee had bestowed this dotage on  
mee, I would haue daft all other respects, and made her  
halfe my selfe: I pray you tell *Benedicke* of it, and heare  
what he will say.

*Leon.* Were it good thinke you?

*Clau.* *Hero* thinks surely she will die, for she saies she  
will die, if hee loue her not, and shee will die ere shee  
make her loue knowne, and she will die if hee wooe her,  
rather than shee will bate one breath of her accustomed  
crossenesse.

*Prin.* She doth well, if she should make tender of her  
loue,

loue, 'tis very possible hee'l scorne it, for the man (as you  
knowall) hath a contemptible spirit.

*Clau.* He is a very proper man.

*Prin.* He hath indeed a good outward happines.

*Clau.* For God, and in my minde very wise.

*Prin.* He doth indeed shew some sparkes that are like  
wit.

*Leon.* And I take him to be valiant.

*Prin.* As *Hector*, I assure you, and in the managing of  
quarrells you may see hee is wise, for either hee auoydes  
them with great discretion, or vndertakes them with a  
Christian-like feare.

*Leon.* If hee doe feare God, a must necessarilie keepe  
peace, if hee breake the peace, hee ought to enter into a  
quarrell with feare and trembling.

*Prin.* And so will hee doe, for the man doth feare God,  
howsoeuer it seemes not in him, by some large icasts hee  
will make: well, I am sorry for your niece, shall we goe  
(see *Benedicke*), and tell him of her loue.

*Clau.* Neuer tell him, my Lord, let her weare it out  
with good counsell.

*Leon.* Nay that's impossible, she may weare her heart  
out first.

*Prin.* Well, we will heare further of it by your daugh-  
ter, let it coole the while, I loue *Benedicke* well, and I  
could wish he would modestly examine himselfe, to see  
how much he is vnworthy to haue so good a Lady.

*Leon.* My Lord, will you walke? dinner is ready.

*Clau.* If he do not doat on her vpon this, I will neuer  
trust my expectation.

*Prin.* Let there be the same Net spread for her, and  
that must your daughter and her gentlewoman carry:  
the sport will be, when they hold one an opinion of ano-  
thers dotage, and no such matter, that's the Scene that I  
would see, which will be meereley a dumbe shew: let vs  
send her to call him into dinner. *Exeunt.*

*Bene.* This can be no trick, the conference was sadly  
borne, they haue the truth of this from *Hero*, they seeme  
to pittie the Lady: it seemes her affections haue the full  
bent: loue me? why it must be required: I heare how I  
am censur'd, they say I will beare my selfe proudly, if I  
perceiue the loue come from her: they say too, that she  
will rather die than giue any signe of affection: I did ne-  
uer thinke to marry, I must not seeme proud, happy are  
they that heare their detractions, and can put them to  
mending: they say the Lady is faire, 'tis a truth, I can  
beare them witnesse: and vertuous, 'tis so, I cannot re-  
prooue it, and wise, but for louing me, by my troth it is  
no addition to her witte, nor no great argument of her  
folly; for I will be horribly in loue with her, I may chance  
haue some odde quirkes and remnants of witte broken  
on mee, because I haue rail'd so long against marriage:  
but doth not the appetite alter? a man loues the meat in  
his youth, that he cannot indure in his age. Shall quips  
and sentences, and these paper bullets of the braine awe  
a man from the careere of his humour? No, the world  
must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I  
did not thinke I should liue till I were married, here comes  
*Beatrice*: by this day, shee's a faire Lady, I doe spie some  
markes of loue in her.

*Enter Beatrice.*

*Beat.* Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to  
dinner.

*Bene.* Faigie *Beatrice*, I thanke you for your paines:

*Beat.* I tooke no m  
you take paines to than  
would not haue come.

*Bene.* You take ple

*Beat.* Yea iust so mu  
point, and choake a dav  
signior, fare you well.

*Bene.* Ha, against m  
into dinner: there's a  
no more paines for tho  
to thanke me, that's as  
take for you is as easie  
of her I am a villaine, if  
will goe get her picture

*A*

*Enter Hero and two Gen*

*Hero.* Good *Marg*  
There shalt thou finde  
Proposing with the Pri  
Whisper her eare, and  
Walke in the Orchard,  
Is all of her, say that  
And bid her steale into  
Where hony-suckles rip  
Forbid the sunne to ente  
Made proud by Princes  
Against that power that  
To listen our purpose, th  
Beare thee well in it, and

*Marg.* He make her  
*Hero.* Now *Vrsula*,  
As we do trace this alle  
Our talke must onely be  
When I doe name him,  
To praise him more ther  
My talke to thee must b  
Is sicke in loue with *Bea*  
Is little *Cupids* crafty ar  
That onely wounds by h

*Enter B*  
For looke where *Beatrice*  
Close by the ground, to  
*Vrs.* The pleasant'st a  
Cut with her golden ore  
And greedily deuoure th  
So angle we for *Beatrice*,  
Is couched in the wood-  
Feare you not my part of  
*Her.* Then go we neare  
Of the false sweete baite  
No truely *Vrsula*, she is  
I know her spirits are as  
As Haggards of the rock  
*Vrsula.* But are you s  
That *Benedicke* loues *Bea*  
*Her.* So saies the Prin  
*Vrs.* And did they bie  
*Her.* They did intrea  
But I perswaded them, if